

ON THE  
**Pretended Ghost**  
 Of the Late  
**Lord RUSSEL.**

*Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum. Juv. Sat. 1.*

**VV**hen sullen Darkness had o'er spread the face  
 O'th Universe, when th'Sun had ceas'd to grace  
 The spacious Earth with his Illustrious Beams,  
 And dipt his Golden Head i'th western streams;

When every Mortal was dispos'd to rest,  
 And anxious care was banish'd from each breast:  
 Tir'd with the Labours of the fore-past day,  
 Each one to sweet Repose makes hasteaway.  
 When pleasant sleep had clos'd up ev'ry eye,  
 And ev'ry honest man did slumbering lye:  
 When none but *Tories* stagger'd up and down,  
 And Bullies, to disturb our peaceful Town.  
 Like Owls and Batts they shun the hated Light,  
 To act their deeds of darkness in the Night.  
 Then did begin this Pleasant Comedie,  
 Which prov'd to th'Actor almost a Tragedie;  
 As by the Sequel, you will plainly see.

That Noble Lord who was but lately Try'd,  
 For Treason, by our Law, for which he dy'd,  
 By a dull *Tory* Vintner was Bely'd.  
 Who not content with his unhappy Fate,  
 Was mov'd by th' Dev'l and his Malicious Hate,  
 T'invent a Forgery, for which he'll be  
 Famous hereafter, and his Infamie  
 To Future Ages will become as known,  
 As if with Sacredgious Hands he'd done  
 Despite unto Jove's Holy Priest, or Rob'd,  
 The Sacred Temple of some Demy God.

And now the scene begins, O horrid sight !  
 A dreadful Ghost appears, dreft all in white:  
 Enough to scare a *Tory* out of's senses,  
 Who loves to see nothing in white but Wenches.  
 And thus he did begin, with hollow voice,  
 And a shrill tone, utter'd with doleful noise.  
*I am the late Renown'd Lord Russell's Ghost,*  
*That with a Lye'n my mouth went off the Coast*

Of this vain World : O what a grievous poth'r  
 Is made o'th' Speech of which I'm not the Author :  
 For though it went Disguis'd under my Name,  
 Yet Doctor Burnet only made the same :  
 I cannot rest in quiet in my Grave —  
 No, says the honest Man ; then thou shalt have  
 That which will make thee ; 'Twas no sooner said,  
 But strait the Restless Ghost he bravely laid.  
 Not by th' uncertain Art of Magick Spells,  
 Or pious cheats, us'd in Religious Cells ;  
 But the ne'r failing Sovereign Remedy  
 Did to's Jolt-Head and Asses-Ears apply,  
 Of Oyl of Club, which did him so deface,  
 St. Dunstans Dev'l was ne'r in such a case.

Thus was the Foppish and unthinking Sot,  
 Catcht in the Noose of his own shallow Plor.  
 Like silly witches when in great'lt distres  
 Left by the Fiend they ador'd, find no redress :  
 E'en so did our deluded wretched Cully  
 Reap the Reward of his prodigious Folly :  
 Left by the Devil his master, and too late  
 For him to 'scape, (O inevitable Fate ! )  
 Without found drubbing and a broken Pate.  
 O Horrid Villanie, as ever can  
 Be perpetuated by perfidious man !  
 The bawling wide mouth'd B-D. of the Nation  
 May have new mater for his Observation,  
 Since Tory-Visions are come into fashion.  
 The wiggish Maid of Hatfield was a cheat :  
 'Tis this Gigantick Soul must do thefeat.  
 What envious R— and his yelping Crew,  
 Wanted by fence and reason to prove true,  
 This Gallant counterfitted Ghost must do.  
 Over the dead t' insult, and Tyranize  
 Argues but base, unmanly cowardise.  
 Yet when this Noble Lord to Natur'd paid  
 His Debt, his rancour'd malice was not staid :  
 Steep'd in the Livid Gall of raging Passion  
 To Sacrifice his former Reputation,  
 By shamming, cheats, and Lies upon the Nation.  
 Thanks to kind Heavens, Defenders of the good  
 Which this his treacherous design withstood :  
 Laught at his Pride and Folly, and has cast,  
 On this his well form'd wicked Plot a Blast.  
 Therefore let every honest man engage  
 In hearty Votes to Heaven to save our Age,  
 From Popish-Malice, and from Tory-Rage.

FINIS.

Entered according to Order.

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